

SOUTH BEND NEWS-TIMES

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PROTECTING ANIMALS.

The British parliament is about to pass a law forbidding showing of any so-called "animal act" in the theaters on the ground that no animal can be trained to do its tricks through any emotion except fear.

The members of that body should get some expert advice from the Prince of Wales upon the question of where cruelty to animals begins and where sportsmanship ends.

The prince, future ruler of the empire, has just been shooting tigers and elephants in India.

He had no purpose of saving the subjects of that country from the attacks of tigers or raids of elephants. But he went at the thing as though the entire population had been threatened with destruction by these inhabitants of the jungle.

He had a great party of drivers and guards. There were expert marksmen at his side and natives who could almost talk to the tigers and the great bull elephants.

Every precaution was taken to prevent the tiger from having any chance of getting the prince and that the prince would have every opportunity of getting his trophies of the hunt.

And thus equipped, he journeyed, in luxury and safety, to the lair of the lion, the trail of the tiger and the purlieu of proboscidea.

And while he was hunting and killing these strange creatures, his lords and gentlemen were proposing to bar the training of dogs and seals because men were cruel to them.

This is the world of contrasts. It is a credit to the human heart that men even think of dumb animals. For the prince was following an inherited instinct when he went out to the wilds to kill and slay.

In the beginning man and the animal kingdom was at constant war—a war for food. The strongest ate the other and the race was always one of self preservation.

It is different now, since man has made the dumb animal his servant or his companion.

Man first trained dogs to assist him in his fight. Now he enjoys their duplication of human intelligence.

Men hunted seals for their fur. Now he watches them play the drums and cymbals and wonders how the animal ever learns.

Now comes the desire to see that these former enemies and meals are not hurt. That is the measure of progress, whether it be misguided in its lengths or not.

In the meantime the prince of the earth will turn back to their ancient progenitors and hunt and kill for pleasure where once men hunted to save their lives.

HER POCKETBOOK.

If you can remember back 30 years, you recall that very few women were employed in business, except in such places as drygoods stores, restaurants, schools, hospitals, theatrics and small-town postoffices.

Today there is hardly a business you can walk into without finding women on the payroll and often in charge.

It makes you wonder, sometimes, "how far the thing will go"—and if, at some future date, the woman not on the payroll of some business organization will be the exception.

The possibility now looms, that the flood of women into business has reached its high-water mark. This unique turn of events is suggested by a survey made by Henry D. Sayer, industrial commissioner of New York state. Economists say that "York State" business conditions are usually typical of the national situation.

Sayer's report is that women gainfully employed in New York state number 1,135,948, or about a ninth of the total population.

It's a big figure, but only 151,560 more women than "earned their own living" 10 years ago.

The increase barely has kept pace with gain in population. On the basis of population, the percentage of New York women gainfully employed has stood still during the last decade.

Surprising occupations are selected by many of the New York women.

They are employed as undertakers, teamsters, horse doctors, aeronauts, constables, architects, chemists, clerks, dentists, lawyers, inventors and mechanical and electrical engineers.

The list continues to great length. Its variety suggests that women could duplicate every business achievement by man. It is all a matter of training and environment.

That is natural. Some of the wisest and most powerful rulers of history have been women—namely Elizabeth of England, Queen Victoria, Catharine of Russia, Isabella of Spain, who pawned her jewels to finance Columbus, and the inventor of the silk industry—wife of Huang-Ti, Chinese emperor.

The economic independence of women is an exceptionally good thing, from most viewpoints.

The goal of every woman, however, should be homemaking and motherhood. Nature generally takes care of that and makes arguments, for-and-against, superfluous.

Whether the tide has turned and women are gravitating to the home instead of business, remains to be seen. It would, however, be a natural accompaniment of the present gradual re-birth of old-fashioned home life.

THAT DUAL PERSONALITY.

Canvases the nation for the most learned men, and you would probably put upon your list the name of Lorenzo Dow Covington, of Covington, Ky.

As a student of ancient Egypt, he ranks as an authority and the savants of the world have consulted him on this subject.

Great throngs have hung upon his words as he mounted the lecture platform to tell the story of his explorations into new and uncharted paths in far places of the world.

The Royal Geographical society, whose members are selected only for some contribution to the store of knowledge of the world, honored him with membership.

He is in the New York penitentiary now, a prisoner serving a sentence for one of the most humiliating of offenses, that of possessing indecent and obscene literature and pictures.

The doctors have a name for this peculiar trait,

when it exhibits itself in some man or note or wealth. They call it a dual personality and endeavor to explain why it is that one half of the brain may be trained to the keenest edge of brilliancy and the other half degenerate to the point of public menace.

True, there are a lot of cases that come before courts where the explanation is less intricate. In these cases, where the man has shown no special genius but in which the prurient is the outstanding characteristic, they call it pure devilry and apply the punishment without regret.

It has long been a mystery, this tendency of some great minds to balance their genius with the most sodden of immorality.

The case of the archaeologist is not the first. It will not be the last. One of the greatest of poets suffered a similar fate, a poet and philosopher who lifted his readers to the very heights of idealism and who stooped himself to the level of the lowest savage.

Genius can be no excuse. Perhaps every man and every woman has lurking possibilities of this "dual personality."

It is the old, constant struggle between good and evil. The normal man and the successful one is he who conquers his temptations until they become no temptations at all.

It takes a lifetime to achieve success. One unguarded moment may spell disaster and failure.

THE GREAT TEACHER.

The electrical interests of the country, a very large industry, announce with pride that they now have perfect artificial light to the point where it is an exact duplicate of daylight.

It has taken some four or five hundred years to bring about this perfection. Its first real start came from Queen Elizabeth when she spent some of the royal funds in trying to encourage the making of glass.

Up to the time of the Virgin Queen, there were no windows in houses. They were dark unless the shutters were thrown open. Glass, a Venetian discovery, was made in such small quantities and was of so great value that not even the palaces of kings were equipped with windows through which light was transmitted.

In many lands windows were for years regarded as luxuries, and in some of them there is still a tax upon them. That came from the general belief that they were the lavishness of the rich, and not necessities for the poor.

With the bringing of light in the daytime by the use of windows, attention turned to the lights which would prolong the waking hours.

There came first the candles, and many a home of the rich has its candle forms in which grandmothers or great-grandmothers, as a part of their household duties, poured the candle spits which would sputter in their feeble glow in the evenings.

Followed the development of kerosene which banished the candle, to be itself put into the discard for the great majority by the coming of gas and of electricity.

Now comes the final announcement of a light that is the perfect duplicate of the rays of the sun—the coal towards which mankind has groped since the first days of glass.

The highest achievement of man is the duplication of Nature. That might apply to other things than sunlight when men recognize the beneficence of nature as the highest of perfections.

The artist who attempts a masterpiece seeks his ideals in the perfections of nature—whether it be in the invitations of the wonderful spots of woodland and of lake, or in the idealization of those natural emotions of men which find their expression in kindness, in brotherly affection, in the absence of artificial emotions of jealousy, hate, anger and greed.

The novelist who grips his readers paints men not as they are but as they might be if they were not tainted by the artificialities of life which have bred purposes foreign to their nature.

The musician draws his finest inspiration from the teasing of seas, the roar of rapids, the song of winds at eventide, the sob of waves against the shores.

The search of civilization is not the enhancement of the gifts of nature but their duplication and control. The demand of mankind and the heights which beckon were created by the Master Hand.

A PICTURE OF HEAVEN.

Detectives say that Sir Conan Doyle, leading exponent of spiritualism and the creator of Sherlock Holmes, is easily fooled by those who are alleged to furnish him proof of his theories.

His religious belief is not new, nor is the experience of exposing trickery of mediums novel. The Fox sisters, first of those who attracted attention by their mystifying performances, were denounced as fakes.

The picture which Doyle paints of the future state is interesting, whether it be the creation of his own mind or given to him by those voices which he says he hears.

These are the outstanding features of his description:

"That we are all spirits, but bound to the present physical world by our material body, which he describes as 'a clumsy machine.' That when this machine finally ceases to function our spirit is released to rejoin the ethereal world."

That there is a continual struggle for the spirit to gain happiness over material obstacles, and that there are several phases of existence in the spirit world—a purgatory even, and a heaven, where all the laws of physics and morality are in effect and where all is organized and real, not topsy-turvy.

That youth and old age are not recognized in the world beyond. There children immediately attain maturity and the aged return to their prime.

That there is no hell. Departed spirits live in various planes of happiness, however, and can progress from one plane to another. The wicked are punished on a lower plane until they are regenerated.

That suicide can be no short cut to happiness in the world beyond, because it leads into misery on many planes before ultimate happiness can be restored.

That all orderly, decent people will find themselves in paradise soon after death.

This strange hinging of esoteric Buddhism, theosophy, and other cults contains nothing that has not been evolved by other men and given to the world as the ideal for worship.

Some part of it can be traced to hope. Other parts may be the mere deduction from fixed theories.

It might be well to remember that some 95 percent of the population of this country have found a better picture and one which they accept on simple faith.

That is the picture which was given in the Book of Books, which also contains promises and warnings not contemplated in the theories of this fictionist, turned investigator of spirits.

Men brag about coming from a good family just as if they had something to do with it.

All golfers may be liars; but all liars are not golfers.

The Tower of Babel

An important bet is to be decided today. We have placed a \$5 wager with the different South Bend clothing men that they haven't a straw hat in stock but what will make our appearance worse. We believe C. L. Perkey has the best chance of winning the money as we are told Mr. Perkey has one of those flimsy straw hats that they used to put on horses in the summer time, with the hole on each side for the ears.

We are confident that nothing less than one of these horse hats will make us look half way decent.

We are terribly afraid that we are going to lose this bet, for we can't find a good looking straw hat. We'll not know definitely until we get home and fall out for inspection.

The early straw hat season always passes quickly for us, because we can get so much entertainment out of the various types of hats that have been in cold storage all winter. We saw one yesterday on the head of a gent, who was evidently on his way to a cleaner. The hat was about as clean as the inside of a coal bucket.

WE ARE AFRAID WE HAVE MADE A MISTAKE.

The other day we bumped into our old friend, Bill Reid, of Barron Lake. Bill gives us the following want-ad to insert in the paper, but after we seen it in print, we got to thinking that maybe, perhaps Bill intended for us to split the advertisement up somewhat.

WANTED.—Hired man, that can milk a cow and be generally handy around a lake resort. McCloskey's orchestra, every Thursday night, Reid's resort, Barron Lake, Mich.

Yes, we believe that Bill meant for us to make two separate and distinct ads out of this. We are more and more convinced of this, as we read the ad over and over again.

We read in his paper that our old

YOUR HEALTH—By Dr. R. S. Copeland

There are many kinds of neuralgia and many locations for neuralgia pain. The arm, particularly the upper arm, including the shoulder, may be the seat of the uncomfortable symptoms. When this region is thus affected the trouble is called "brachial neuralgia."

There is a bundle of nerves, called the "brachial plexus," which distributes branches to the different parts of this area, and has a lot to do with its functions. Like all other nerves, the various fibres of the brachial plexus are subject to irritation and inflammation.

Brachial neuralgia may not come on with a bang. You may awaken from sleep conscious of pain in the shoulder. You will think you have been sleeping in a cramped position. Or in the morning while you are dressing you will notice discomfort and even pain in the arm and shoulder.

Almost always there is aching in the arm for several days before the acute attacks appear. The real trouble may come on suddenly and produce agonizing pain.

The neuralgia is more pronounced on the inside and front of the arm. It may run down the arm and may extend to the fingers. In this case it may be all in the fingers and the hand, or the pain may be confined to one or two fingers.

Sometimes the pain may disappear for a few hours and delude the victim into thinking he is going to be all right. Then it returns worse than ever, especially at night. It may even extend to the back between the shoulders.

The arm may not be sensitive to touch, but use of the muscles causes increased pain. At times there is

some soreness on handling. There may be tenderness along the course of the nerve and pain on stretching the arm.

Ordinarily, there is no change in the appearance of the skin but once in a while there may be swelling of the arm and even of the fingers. It is a long time of your trouble diagnosed as rheumatism. The arms are rarely the seat of rheumatism, however, so brachial neuralgia should be thought of when the described symptoms are met.

This condition is found in persons from 25 to 35 years old. A similar trouble is met in younger persons who are very nervous, but this is really a different condition from true brachial neuralgia.

Overwork and worry, sorrow or some other emotional disturbance may be important factors contributing to the ailment.

I saw one case of quite severe brachial neuralgia which seemed to be due to unfamiliar automobile driving. The anxiety of learning to drive the car and the unaccustomed use of the arms produced symptoms quite different from ordinary strain.

Rest—complete rest—is the most important part of the treatment. Bandaging or strapping with adhesive plaster or carrying the arm in a sling will help a lot.

Hot fomentations, a hot-water bottle, baking the part—any form of real heat will help.

Needless to say there must be a study of the causes to see what is wrong with the system. Constipation, bad teeth, diseased tonsils and overwork must not be disregarded. Speedy restoration to good health depends on removing any contributing cause.

Then from his heart came a simple song Which swept like a summer breeze Not set down at a king's command, Polished and turned for a purpose planned.

Ordered and graced for a royal whim, But something which sprang from the soul of him.

As fair and sweet as a day in spring, And just a song which he had to sing.

To rob a furnished flat, Where 'neath a soft and rosy light A lady teacher sat, She did not scream and leave the place.

Or give a frightened cry, But fixed upon the burglar's face A stern, reproving eye.

He dropped his jimmy on a chair, His face went ashen gray, And cowed by that familiar stare, He slowly slunk away.

For burglars, quite like you and me, Although behaving ill, At times, when moved by memory, Are little children still.

Explained. According to London Punch the inhabitants of Genoa were forbidden to expose their washing during the conference. The clothes lines were probably all reserved for the dirty linen of the powers represented there.

Genoa has regained some of the publicity Christopher Columbus gave the place by leaving it.

VERSE O' CHEER

By Edgar L. Jones

HOME.

What counts the most in life's great game, the gold that we have made.

The fame and great renown that we have won.

The glory of achievement and the homage that is paid.

When we some sordid accomplishment have done?

Does wealth and pomp and glory count the most to you and me, Are those the greatest of the joys we know?

Is that the great reward that we are hoping we will see

And come to crown our efforts here below?

What counts the most in life's great game, the little cottage door,

With roses twined around with loving care.

The prattle of the children strutting toys about the floor

And mother dreaming in her easy chair.

The laughter of the children and the mother's happy smile,

Are these the greatest joys of life we find?

Is home and all its pleasure what we count the most worth while

Of all rewards that crown the daily grind?

We struggle on for gold and fame and fight to win renown,

We battle in the busy mart of men To win against adversity and gain ourselves a crown.

And winning, struggle on to win again,

But what would glory matter if it wasn't for the joy

And happiness it brings to those we love.

Home, the happy mother, the little girl and boy,

The greatest of all blessings from above.

It's home that counts the most in life, The love awaiting there,

Is worth far more than all the gold we gain,

Worth more than all the glory and the pomp and fame we share.

The love of home can ease the greatest pain;

No matter where you wander the you travel far away

No matter what the distance you may roam,

You'll find your heart is yearning more and more both night and day

To claim the love awaiting you at home.

MRS. SOLOMON SAYS

My Daughter of arts and the teaching of arts, there is no end.

But, blessed is he that knoweth when to STOP—for this is the Art OF ARTS.

Go to! Who is so beloved, who is so popular as the after-dinner speaker, who knoweth when to stop talking? He leaveth thee with a taste for "more."

But the tongue of the foolish man runneth on like the brake. He leaveth thee with that tired feeling.

Who is so powerful as the preacher that knoweth when to stop preaching?

Lo, he leaveth his flock with something to think about.

But he that is long of wind driveth the sinners to GOLF.

Who is so piquant, who is so fascinating, as the damsel that knoweth when to stop flirting? She leaveth a man in doubt.

Verily, verily, who is so pitiable, who is so full of sorrow as he who knoweth NOT when to stop LOVING, not when to say in his heart "It is the end."

For, he perceiveth not that the fire is out, but continueth to stir the fagots thereon, until the last spark hath been stifled.

Go to! If all men knew when to stop drinking and when to cease from eating, Prohibition and Intemperance would be unknown in the land, and all would be sweetest and joy and delight.

For, a little of anything, save murder and burglary, is a good thing. But TOO MUCH of anything, even of religion and love, is a sin.

And the Sin of Sins is OVERDOING, which turneth a virtue into a vice, a harmless pleasure into a devouring monster, a natural appetite into gluttony, a love into hatred, and matrimony to divorce.

Therefore, blessed be he that knoweth when to STOP.

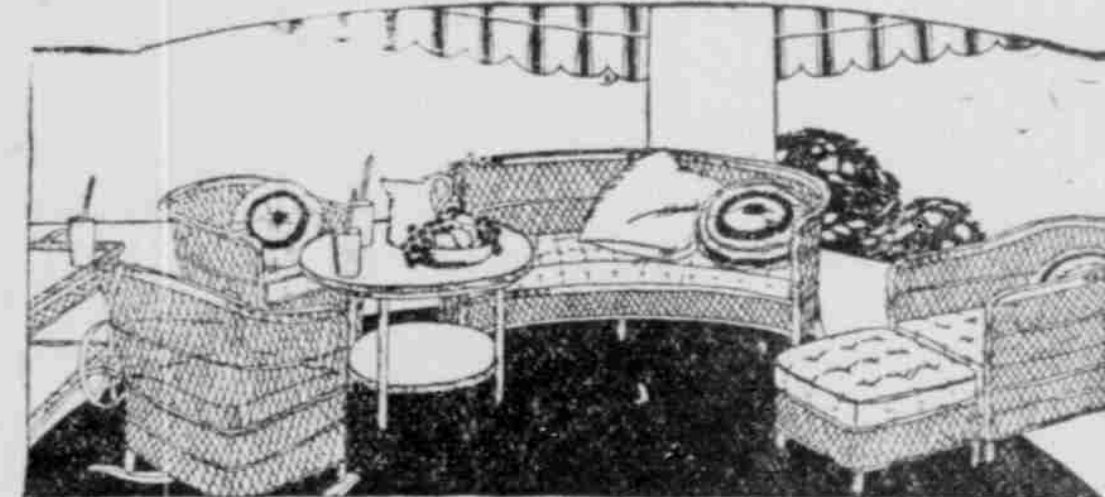
For, his is the Kingdom of Understanding.

Salah.

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